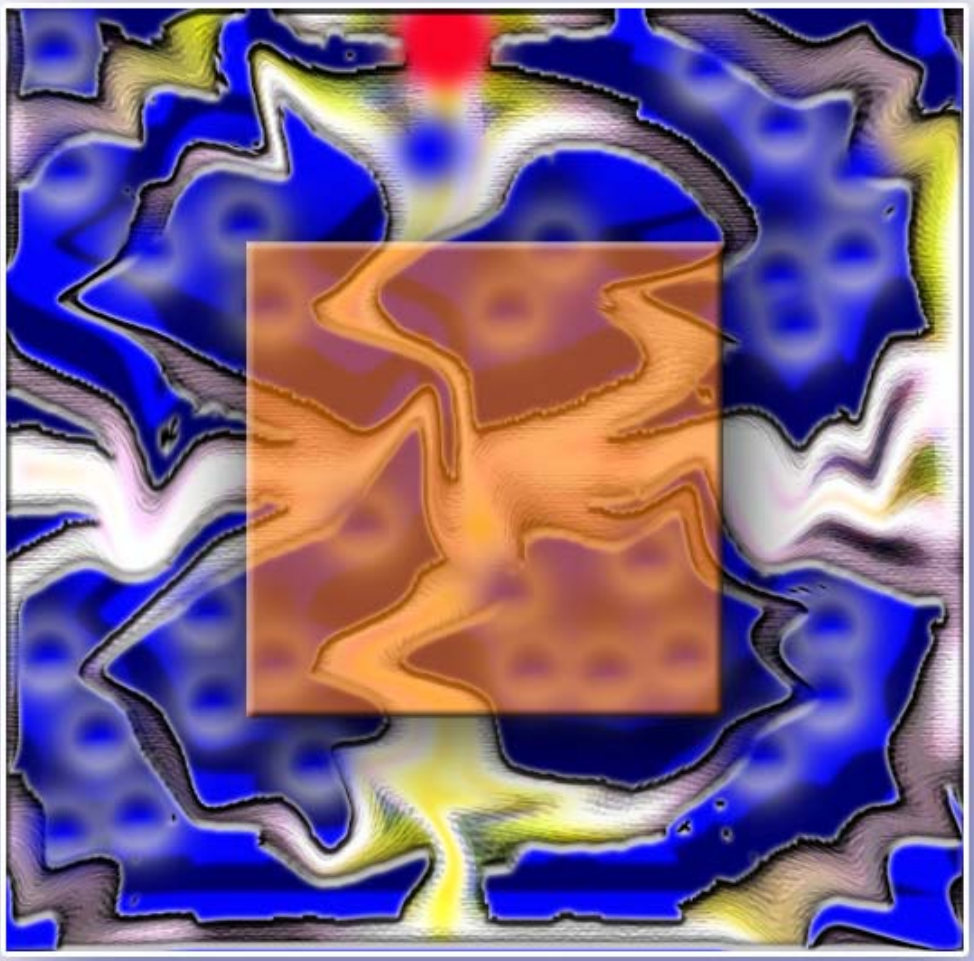
FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

EMIGRANT TO INFINITY
poetry



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Translated from Romanian by E. Baciu & F. Smarandache.

(ISBN-10): 1-59973-018-9
(ISBN-13): 978-1-59973-018-9
(EAN): 9781599730189

Standard Address Number: 297-5092

Printed in the United States of America

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Meeting of minds:

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

I have known him for more decades and I have known his books either in manuscript, or published and I think this new book **"Emigrant to Infinity",** American verses, puts on a solid basis a work and a destiny. Growing in a literature, which, besides Eminescu and Blaga, gave to the WORLD also Urmuz, Tristan Tzara, Isidore Isou or Eugen Ionescu, Florentin Smarandache demands himself a modern tradition that he keeps on and improves it in accordance with his talent.

His steps are not peculiar; a prodigious **ars combinatoria** will bring him a unanimous recognition that he deserves.

I consider that the present volume, penetrated by a tragic wave, represents truer Florentin Smarandache that I, personally, I wish he were closer of Eugen Ionescu and his metaphysical disquiet, and more sideways of Marin Sorescu and his Balkan anecdotes…

Solitary, in Morocco or in America, Florentin Smarandache confesses also in this book living, his country, Romanian language, such as firstly Fernando Pessoa said, for his country, Portugal language…

August, 1995 Cezar Ivănescu

IN THE VICINITY OF VICINITY

PIT OF WORDS

I’ve mustered up courage, yelling
- lions, I’ll not give you anything!
I gave up the tinfoil verb pitfall
and the cruel deeds, it’s enough!
daily life is measured in any minute
by flesh from top to toe.

FATE IRONY

before may I have been ”me”
the fate was done
from geometric signs
Lobacevsky’s ones
after my face but not looking like me
in dropping of time

DEFEATED TREE

defeated tree by the sun beam
I let my soul in your palm
for our uninterrupted ways
into myself
through darkness of my inner heart
overcoming the shower of leaves
being melted into feeling.

THE YELLOW ROSE

in the halo move of hips
the passing away of the hours splits my plaits
hair by hair
the night sleep provokes me
to smile the yellow rose
from the lips of the non-uttered words
into pronunciation of countless years

WHEN I LOOK AT YOU

when I look at you I can't see
my eyes are falling on the slit of dress
and I covet the hidden treasures

BROKEN MIRROR

through the broken mirror
may I view the white dark
and into the edge of the shivers
may I imagine a man's portrait
an old maid
imagine not to be imagined!

LEFT FLOWER AND GREEN

you, my left flower and green
pollinated by hell butterflies
with seed of black
you tipsy me with breathings
and the bluest longing

GOOD MORNING

the waterside daybreak says
and the old ages went
with the head straight up
guessing epigrams and squares
the light is spreading tongues
into trenchworks much cut
from the cheek of the earth

NIGHT SPIRIT

night spirit from Universe
day and night are blending
into deep of revelations
death takes a nap
at the spring curing of sins

SOUL WITHOUT SOUL

and I suddenly see myself so.
without body, without ribs -
all by myself without knowing why
my soul choked my flesh

TOO LONG ROUTE AMONG THE FOREIGNERS
(and I cannot turn back my sight anymore)

PASSING THOUGHTS

You, power greedy men, starved and robbers
Perched on our shoulders as some guards

I'm the knight who fights
Starting the battle with a flower in hands
Like, too hung adornment
Will be a sward at belt

I further write a letter
as a punishment
or
as a curse

THE DEAF AND THE DUMB

Being silent you say wise words
Speaking you hide the truth
But we are deaf and dumb
Instantaneously we applaud to steps

Being silent, speaking, you fulfil your missions
Applauding, we closed our obligations
And looking for each other in the world, brothers
We leave for home or somewhere

HEALING

No, not any wound is healed
In my heart clearance
there is a place
where the fire sun
heat, forgetfulness,
love and beggary
Couldn’t yet plough
for appearing flowers
Here is the place in which exploded
atomic bombs
being all calcimined.

PASCAL:
If I judge myself in absolute, I suffer,
If I judge myself by comparison, I'm content.

THE MIRROR

After I paced the square
on all its sides
And the circle round the round
standing even in the middle
as the first astronomer on the moon
Since a peculiar thing
that I can do again
from time to time
pleasantly
is to be face to face
towards a friend
when he wants/ is asking for
to look at me
like / as in a mirror

A YOKE

Sanding upright
as a yoke
and thinking of myself
what I should have done
I see silent
I haven't done anything
of all I've done
and it had to be done

Amazingly I look at
the eyes of my fellow man
who sustains with strong argument
that I did all it was possible
everything had to be done
And my deeds are placed
from a side of yoke to other
so that you ask yourself
where indeed the bucket is hung
who appeases his thirsty and what with?

WHAT DO WE WANT?

What we hate at the others
maybe we are ourselves
and we cannot possibly recognise ourselves
Or we don't want to be
or we shame or we are afraid to be
So how those whom we hate are

What we like at others
it's possible to be us, ourselves
we want to be
or even we are
And we meet our disciples

What we want from the others
we ourselves cannot give
and we ask for from the others

What we love, ask for or hate
it's always very clear and very
very justified for us
who hate, ask for or love

What we give the others it always is
a blending of the good and bad
In different proportions
we give for nothing
and asking for us
also pleasantly or reluctantly

All depends on everything, depends
on the position in which you are
when you let free the way of the feelings
opening the cage doors of the Noah's ark
And it depends more something
of the position of sun
against
H hour

THE GREAT ARMY

Here a Great, an invincible Army,
Bound itself with money and hatred
With great and trifling lie
With might fear
Millions tragic destinies together
Here is a Great, an invincible Army.

TEST AT GEOGRAPHY

The war has begun for long
now it is finishing
in a crucial point in fact.
I conquered half of the world
remaining only other half
that has just achieved to ride
the other half of mind
Maybe the halves are not even
to each other remaining to count
when census can be done
the new and old two halves
of mine
very soon being conquered
under just any feet slipping
on to right the other left
between them dirty river set
which runs in a clear sea
Far away I see my foe
riding upset up to toe
with the two halves split
one to right to other left
making too way a dirty river
runs to sea fast, clearer

Lad, get-up let the questions
on the earth, what battles, oceans
all of them are and will be
You'll get test at geography

MYSELF LIKE A CONTRADICTION

At anvil being beaten
the sore me curved
in this way to be to world
correct scold.

Of death I was forgiven in a part of the world
But not entirely of its awful pains
Here I was condemned to death
From friendly hands, steady
living late, worldly, contradictory to rich happiness

I'm alive
but dead for others
and I'm number, name and surname and nothing
the travelling tomb of the world
severe sadness, remonstrance cold
for better thought unfulfilled
some time that seems not to elapse
calling my life and
Calling my death in vain to come
and I keep waiting as a light
intermittently myself I light off and on

Midday I am the cold light of the moon
Midnight I am the sun forgotten by the all when they sleep
The stars, the forefathers and the grandsons mention me
in the book where we'll find again all of us
both the good of mankind and the bad
Ideas that have come in mind.
gave to birth prisons, chains yoke
We've believed in people and in plough
We've wanted to plough, to saw well
No being earth again cold ashes, funeral pile

The sadness of the world added in deeds
The remonstrance of the world gathered inside of us
There were the ploughmen for well
We wanted the earth entirely with flowers
Terrible in one, nobody in the other

The fight martyrs in a just world
How will you pay sacrificed lives?
And death that woke so many dreams,
Inside of mine is draught of love
They didn’t sow and water love.

FIRST CLASS PLANE TICKET

I ignore you
rascal
that in time
when my downy beard's growing
together with the Jilava's must
(among others
in order to be you worm and well, too
in this world)
you marched enthusiastically
at voluntary work
you kept your mouth
closed carefully
(but not clenched
in order to be able to whisper
something
somewhere)
may you not be in time to count your teeth
even in the hollow of your hand
like me
You went steady and recent hair cut
to the festival party of CYU[1] meeting
to school
Learn. Learn. Learn.
Do you remember the articles from the wall gazette?
I learn to dance, too
with chain at my feet
when my shadow
came out under Jilava
from Reduit
I've already found
Chief
being on probation on site
- Are you a good hand in your work?
Are you?
Are we making the plan
Are we?
Do we receive bonus on the right

[1] Communist Youth Union

or on the left
You mock at us rascal
You took your salary, bonus and tip
And kept your mouth
You gather money for car
Rascal

I saw you increasing
under the angel wing
Also Chief but greater
when your belly was bigger and
your baldness created respect
You had everything
but something you hadn't
I heard on the radio
you chose also
freedom
how much you suffered
how you were persecuted
that they didn't give you Mercedes
but a wheel barrow, Moskvici
with an unwell-bred driver included
that is not enough the bonus
for Kent cigarettes
how good chiefs like you
new-technocrats
aren't let also to make dust
the powder
You succeeded to fall into, too
among large long line
of political asylum
After this
nothing
nothing I heard about you anymore
I came also in the West
dying of my Country's longing
of People
(The stupid man dies of care for other
you said to me
too encourage me
philosophically)
I came
with my broken bones again

fresh
just before my leaving
Leave, I was said
not to make troubles more
to our authorities…
They wanted, too, the poor
to rest
after a long life
passed with the club in hand
in people's service and of revolution and development, too
so many-sided and coupons
how many clubs they broke
learning ABC
being a burden to us
what effort
to be colonel today with studies in Right
before being an illiterate sub-lieutenant

I found you
here
with new citizenship mumbling distinctly
Romanian
car
good job
half house paid
(knowledge is a treasure)
you had arranged things here, too
cunning
rascal

I took from the beginning
All
From the illiterate licence
to washing up and washing cars
Precisely:
From the fiddle masters
In the land of Cockaigne
in the world with all of things
I provoked to loose my weight
because the pearl barley fat remained
and made my body heavy
not being

enough slim, slender
I slept also on the floor
with hand under my head
as if I had been at Jilava
I haven't find trousers yet
and shirt for my size
all are too large
or too short
And do you rascal spit, my cheek?

You don't deserve my answer
neither even
to spit you
my spitting
among
my toothless as a battle ragged flag
That I give it to worth man
but you
you haven't the honour
to measure
my strength
I ignore you
rascal

You said to my child
the dearest and the most innocent
that I'm a dim of dozen
But how many bucks are you, rascal?

The slops that the life
and the two
worlds
they threw
in my mess tin
or in my face
they preserved my soul fresh
in change all perfumes of this world
they couldn't remove the stink
of my soul
The apple
before letting itself
(it cannot escape)
to be eaten by you

vomited you
and a folk blouse washed
with chemicals of your inside
soul unfriendly
shows
as if it was come out of the sewer
of a city
rascal
I ignore you
being the unique thing
which provokes you pain
You want to be Great
Greater of all
you are great like a litter
Rascal with Chief licence
Your lowliness doesn't touch me

NOBODY

Nobody can polish
The guilty gesture
Nobody can save
of curse
what is cursed
Nobody can forgive
the name that lets a stain
on the lips that uttered once
I'll hate what I hated
I'll love what I loved
Till the last breathing
in the world keeps on changing
subdued me to order which
ancestral asks me for salting it
in everything needs

HUNTING

A pace, another pace
a leap, further a pace
a pace in front
a pace, further two
a pace behind

I let hunted
by you pleasantly
I'd like be eaten
Any pain I shouldn't beaten

Your paces I seemed them to be my hunting
the paces of the starved wolf.
but I found
terrified
that the lion hasn't me eaten
Little
Mouse
will be eaten even it

HOSPITALITY

Dear Lady
You pay a visit
Friends, lover, sweetheart,
It doesn't matter.
You pay a visit
You can receive and refuse
ask for or to give anything
you don't worry, is it?
You pay a visit
Romanian is hospitable
Ah, further still!
At leaving, don't forget in a corner
something sharp as hanger-on
in which by mistake
a wound in heart I make
But you can take all's possible
even myself
…by soul
Romanian is hospitable.

DESIRE

You've obliged me to wash
The flag of your capitulation Lady
Its sparkling, like the dazzling snow
As before it seems to me a veil
Of hemp, of flax
Or of a delicate silk
With my longing of sorrow
Contemplatively demands:
Will she ever reappear?

WITHOUT CEREMONIES

Extensive specially for you, without ceremonies, on the white bed,
like a peasant table in the field during summer, under the sun
Under the heating of my infernal sun
I am going to lay you
Fertile earth over the lunar soil

I didn't plant either flowers or thorns
Whether they were I forgot
I seem to pull out all in the same time
I haven't put the perfume, because it mustn't
you smell as life itself and this is enough

On the white bed without brims
like a peasant in the field summer
human-like
I want to be of mine and I'll belong to you.

With trembling hands and
encumbering each other
with many and different hands
entirely my body turned into hands
being in feverish status
I want to know, to caress, to incite
to separate, to unite
all mountains, all vales, all parts of your body

To feel how mountains raise higher and higher
and vales run deeper
to feel everything inside of you becomes longer
projects itself-, infinite, defines
May you close, may you open
and throwing the last your petals
remaining unique, may you yell, may you whisper
to sky and to world in any case indifferent
that you…that I…that we…

Then we gather
from all the corners of bed, room,
from the four lines of the world

and share found petals
that as if they hadn’t torn of us
during this storm
and we do again our beings:
one to you, one to me…

YES AND NO

Yes and no and no and yes
Yes yes. YES NO. YES.
I answer your questions
and YES when I utter
it means I agree
And not I utter it means I agree
Because I can so many
To be in agreement with my own feelings
And sound like a bell
marking, waiting
days and new events
And all is like as when
I, audience, I should applaud
Me, the actor
at open stage
even on the sharp brim
of essential retort

STRIP-TEASE

If what I wrote about you here
I should write a book
I seem to me that every turned page,
Understood non-understood by reader
would be like a stranger
with cold hands, impersonal ones,
I should take out your dress in public
slowly, very slowly or in a hurry
attentively or tearing from the sewing
all objects of your dressing
and you would be naked, ashamed , humiliated
as in a strip tease.
And you don't want to strip,
do you?
In front of anyone, for anyone and whenever
You are not courageous to do this because
you are impure in your purity
that you preserve like a treasure
so saint and too personal
for a moment and special individuals
May I know? Maybe though
You should like and should boast
that you were stripped in public
in comparison with the other ladies
who live wrapped themselves up
trembling of warm all their life
without somebody thinks
to fill their shady-side

OH, YES

I take out of me
all what was able to take out
I squeezed, I seized
I tore frenetic and insanity
as if I'd have saved
the ship to drown
And do you still say that you haven't received enough?
Haven't you received anything?
O… Great you are Love
Great how the Sea is
Deep and greedy Sea
Indifferent and very arrogant
I've been due to
that I've given enough
and me emptied of feelings
emptied of myself
with a borrowed word
I yell you
Noooooo
Ready…
Enough…
I am cold
Warm me you that emptied me

COURAGE

When you see you might have courage
You are afraid
And you wouldn't want to give anything
Too much prudence you put in your luggage

When you see you might receive
Everything you wished till yesterday
You pretend that you don't feel
not to see what you received

When in front of you route is open largely
The will of yours to decide
there is entirely in incapacity
You stutter clear: non-reciprocity

You haven't ever see a high way
Your eyes are not used to see

When you see you might have courage
You are afraid entirely
And you wouldn't want to give anything
Too much prudence you put in luggage.

RECIPROCITY

From your soul
nothing overflows
nothing drops
to my soul
Your soul
isn't flood

I feel, too
as though I throw myself
by my will
in a fountain
deep and left there
As though
I am at my wit's end
of my own accord.

PRAYER

God
do a true human being of her
again

God
You who are above of the Good
and above of the Bed

You who exists
in non-existence, too

You who did everything
from nothing
and nothing from anything
only you know how

You who are good
gentle, lenient and endless of great
all the time smiling indulgently
to our nothingness and defiant
infamy

You who gave us to know
the goodness as a light
and the badness as an absence of its
May we know we are with you
and when we were lost

You who give to us the soul
and heart
and though and word
colour and music
taste and love
forgiveness of fellow man
everything
to have
a beautiful life
even here on the earth
and we haven't known yet…

Good
do a true human being of her
again

May she be more courageous
More obstinate
may she trust herself
May she choose her utmost
and have it
as an encouraging
for next step
May she behave as a man
defeating
God
do a true human being of her
again

May she be more delicate
May she smile and laugh
more
May she be dreaming
because she is older now
and years passed plentifully
need more dreams
than nightmares
Lighten her nights
with stars of dreams
and days
with sun warm
of her soul
pure

God
do a true human being of her
again

May she give sooner, firmer
kindly her warm hand
to those who struggle
hardly they stand up their
feeble legs of their life

God
do a true human being of her
again

May she be surrounded
only by true people
may she be nearer the truth
may she be comprising
more lenient
living
and helping the other, too, to live
plentifully

God
do a true human being of her
again

May she be an old woman
truly beautiful
wearing in her hair, on forehead
years
as a halo
in her eyes the light of joy
and in body of joy
and her lessened body
the saint seal
of quietness
and the reconciliation with people
life
and its aim
as it is

God
do a true human being of her
again

Pull her ears or hair
carefully, like a parent
with all your love
put on her knees, too
to recall
not to forget
that the other need her not less

than
she needs others
and others are alone without her
not only she without them

God
do a true human being of her
again

Give to her the bread
for whole life
not thin slices and dry, too
Forgive her wrongs
without will
in the same measure she forgives to others
and forbid
her temptation for foolish marriage
Give to her somebody
to love
the least I love her
Give to her hope
of better
today
that without
the time of joy cannot be tasted
in plenty
tomorrow

God
do a true human being of her
again

CONTENTMENT

You lover unexpectedly appeared
Prince Charming on horse of sheet of paper
It was enough a yell of pain in order to be
And wholly bathed me in your life-giving water
My ashes you should light to shake me hot

I thank you for taking with you
In eagle flight to high skies, serenity of silver
So much tired you are
You gave power for time was going to come
In change it would have wasted

You gathered in my feeble hand the sceptre of my proud and dignity
I was exhausted you give me hope
On my forehead up in hair you brighten the life for me
With you I saw the alive light, pure of eternity

I thank you for bending deeply and gentle towards me
As Phoenix, of my own ashes, of world I promise me to come

"To grin and bear it"
(Romanian saying)

Wipe your weeping tear
You can burst out laughing
And you meet a trouble
People say to make sport of it

WISH

(to an inexplicable upset lady)

I wish
You laughed
You smiled
secretly and kindly
as you remember of an inner joy
known only by you

May you laugh
with very large-mouthed
with tears falling down
with peal of laughter
in trills, sprightly, childishly,
with shouts
with shakings and pains of belly,
splitting with laughter
healed with a glass of water
till hiccup begins
and you hit my head with fist
in spite
and you try to put the pillow on my mouth
screaming:
beeee silent, silent once crazy

May you laugh when you fall ill
with laughter
as bewitched by curse
May you see the doctor giving
a pill for sadness

and injection for sweep
a syrup for seediness
beam of worry
something there to heal you pain of laugh
anything
May you worry
that implacable you will die
with laughter as cancer
that this life is impossible
to live decently
because of laughter

And the doctor recommends nothing
else
than me as psychotherapist
a little making sport
to heal of laugh

May you smile secretly and kindly
As you remember of an inner joy
known only by you

ALONE IN THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT

I write a letter further
to discuss again
about Christmas
what we've done, we've made
and especially about
what we've broken
May we see what kind of fir trees we've had
and we've found on them
poor us
poor them

As a prelude in Christmas night
that for me began at two o'clock in the morning
local hour
on twenty-fifth
I kept in my arms
the last case
a young girl
beautiful Spanish
of sixteen old
somewhere
a singer is yelping
as a bitch
bound at vineyard in summer
on dog days
forgotten there, too
without water
a sentimental
song
drunk
the victim of a car accident
a hand, a leg, three ribs
broken
on the right part
on the left part
that the heart is
unhurt
She'll be healed till summer
The other escaped safe

Look it isn't seemed curious
that in this life
the others always escape safe
when we all the others
are always left with
broken bones, bumps and bruise in head
I bet
That the Christmas
I'll see again
At emergency
Asking herself feverishly
Frightened joy and dismayed
If they will be two
girl
or boy how He wants

How I've said
the fir free was
one Oregon hoary
from the American Rocky Mountains
that keeps me warm
temporary
instead the Carpathians from Arges

I had hung to up top, a top knot
some hops
weak ones
but pretty nice
wasted till in the morning
what a pity
that they didn't last
to the Christmas day
for celebrating with us and Bach

I had more
hung
under the hopes
a favourite
but being an exaggeration
too heavy
I took it down
I don't like exaggerations
I let the things such they are

being enough
Further I had
a hot hug running in bare feet
but only one
Fire
Too much
It was fire my fir
I put it down, too
and I put it near me
in my armchair to sit sensible playful
to keep me warm
because it had gotten cold
alone
at daybreak

I had more
some “good thoughts”
too little explicitly
It was take down these, too
but I told myself
to let more them
it is to able to catch

frame
color
maybe I make from them
later flower on a folk blouse
maybe an Ardeal apple
maybe
so I let them
maybe
wary
thoughtful
maybe
who knows

Two telegrams
picture postcards with night

Four weeks of entirely silence

Many doubts

Odd gestures
for a Christmas fir-tree
Isn't it?

Two short nice kisses
but only two
I haven't more
what a pity
that you didn't see
these two
were indeed
very pretty
quite delightful
to see
At them

I had further
a silk thread
found by microscope
aid
…….
trifles
but how much they enjoy somebody
alone with his fir

I had further
a painting
painted with modern means
on polish paper
with apples and Romanian
folk blouse-old model
still life
but
what emphasising
what reverberation
what odd trembling
you can try
you yourself
looking
still life painting
in Christmas night

Aa… shouldn't I forget

under the fir tree
further it was a poodle too
non-electronic
well, is possible without it?
that yelping
annoying
it wants “ to America”
because in this way it says when it wants out
for not urinating on the carpet
it is learned
what more
with all pomades
and I kicked it
somewhere
what I need
of pearl cap
Who has sent it me?
Excuse-me I forgot

Further there were in fir tree, too a gambol-boy making gambolling scatter-brained, brawler, giddy, dizzy, frisky, crash, smash…
he’s taking his tongue to me
and pull a long nose at me
but I know, there isn’t doubt
this is my sun
he had fixed there, alone hanging down with his head
to congratulate me not properly
and with Happy Christmas
to enjoy more
in original kind
because it is his mode
finally

I began to doze
overwhelmed of confusion
as a joy
I heard Bach
the bells of a cathedral from the Danube
solemn
somebody was whispering
Merry Christmas was
At null
I answered and I do

overwhelmed of confusion
Then somebody sceptic came
even so he introduced: I am the Sceptic
who seemed he ha appeared
I don't know from where

Saying to me that I'm drunk
And I hear the dogs in Giurgiu

I went to bed
when the people say
that you are drunk
It's obliged…

Then I dreamt
that
my face was caressing
by somebody
with copper-coloured hair
It seems!
So?

I forgot to say you
that my fir-tree
was fairy lit
with only big light
lightened by me
and with a halo
by you

Your fir tree
how was?

The men, too
needs
of
encouragement!

And all started
from a marriage offer
at newspaper
of boredom

THE MATCHMAKERS

The matchmakers wrote yours truly,
a thousand and one letters
as a correspondence
of import export
of hight, of weight
of colour of the hair and eyes
But not of colour of the soul

Dropping as by mistake few coins on the floor
from where with a sovereign scorn
they didn't rise again
you see
how generous they are
and
it's duty of the servant to clean
from down
they didn't complicate with trifles
and they turn over their pockets
for seeing you how much money they have
But not how is their true value
They sent to you coloured photos
with their houses and cars
Of carton

They sent you photos
each of all more handsome
Even one more impudent sent you his picture when he has his shirt
a little open showing his chest
apologising saying he prefers a sportsman carriage
in order to see his male hairy chest
Not, too the bracelet of his soul

They asked you for photos

seeing how beautiful you are
whether you have rich hair
voluptuous bosom and slim hips and
slender legs they ought to see, to touch
to convince themselves, to be sure
for what they give money and car, too
to whom they hand the market bag, pen and cleaner
in Romanian language
and who they pay the plane ticket of first class
to see
if your silhouette is matched
with aerodynamic silhouette of cleaner
of the last type
if
the colour of your eyes
corresponds with the drawing
with the back of the plate
of china
from China
if your walking could be enough
undulated
if he
can in this way join harmoniously
the lines delicate curved of furniture
style
bought from the store
at cut price
from the corner

One
sitting cross-legged
at microscope
is studying your photo
hear you confound it!
look dear what are men!
what they can do
with your photo
which you send it
not forgetting your eyes
he says that he find
a silk thread
grown in skin
under the nylon stalking

well-stretched on
the leg he liked too much
Another
Another what?
says that he found the same thing
but looking only with own eyes
piercing eye
he took out thread penetrating with pincers of eye
that
he likes
legs of singer
that bald-headed

Somebody wanted to know precisely
what size you have at shoes
blouses, skirts, dresses, coats and pants
all figure fingers
for making you to think
that he prepares for you entirely wardrobe
and further jewel small box
as surprise
meanwhile he careful
was thinking if the shoes
dress, and the other things
left of his ex wife
of whom he had remained alone owing to divorce
should match to you
with few alterations
as today ages are difficult
we live in plenty economic crisis
good things are made with difficulty
what is inside of them is important
not what is seen outside
he
is at age when he likes
more to look
how a woman takes out her clothes
not how she take on the clothes
further he doesn't trust in nice coloured advertisements
being natural neo-realistic
surely he was waiting too-thousands of kisses and hugs
hot grateful
for

his generosity
unprecedented
about you
will hear the same thing
later
from a lady neighbours
The same, he
raised sentimental and character problems
in the same time
speaking very nice about his ex-wife
of that he has just divorced
in accordance with the principle
that it isn't nice to speak badly about ex-wife
for making the next
to think
that also about her
you will do
the same
to the next
and making intricate in words
notions and philosophical high considerations
the sinful mouth says the truth
he wrote that his ex-wife
was a true woman
till divorce
she was devoted Lady
in the kitchen
the finest coquette
in society
with the perfect behaviour in world
and in bed
an authentic cook
saying this so at random
in order to provoke you to know
that he wants
as you, too,
to be at the same height
may he be happy once
in his life
as you are good housekeeper
so cultivated
well-mannered
careful

lovely
so his wife was
what
somebody
raised even problems
of your studies for seeing
if
you are enough educated to dusty
from the piano near the stove
properly recently bought
also from the kobsa and cembalo
old, the dearest family memories, too
father and grandfather ex-kin,
which have been lying
by much time non-dusted
in heap of wood pell-mell
in front of the family fireplace
under the tent well-smoked
by gypsy boys
run at the nose
the dearest and the loveliest
may they be eaten by crowns
with their shalwars as blue jeans
and entirely

But
any of them didn't ask for your photo with your high forehead
that is full of thoughts and worries
what do they make with it?
but only one who says
that sanctifies the square altar of your life with kisses
Only one said to you
that he would kiss you hands
on both faces
and lips
and soles
with the same piety
equal joy
and immense passion
Only one is who'd put them at corner
in knees
on uneven letters forgotten unwritten
and he'd pull your ears

or hair
of love

Only one
evening he'd put you sole on his hot forehead
burning at thought that
you belong to him, as a sultan
Turkish one

Only one cares for
Also of your breathing when you sleep
And he'd wash his face with your plaits
In the morning
Only one would want to make laugh
Till you fall
Ill of laugh as a doctor
Who gives you something against the laugh
Only one would give you what he has
And he ask you for
To lend with twenty lei monthly
For his cigarettes

Only one would look
in your eyes like in a clear mirror

And he'd drink only life water
drop by drop from the tops of you
wet by the dew of petals
of red roses
To be, too even one time
drunk
of you

Only one is so daft
so it difficult for you to say
that you met in your life
even by correspondence
one defer than him

Only one would die
only your pains
and would smiles only
so modest

for your happiness
Only one would give you
the pure diamond of love
without impurities
without conditions
and not forced by anyone
and he wouldn’t put on your finger a thin and tight ring
as sign that you belong to him
as if you don’t lose your way
to the other(man)

Only one would feel melt
till, too
the next silver snows
that will fall
in the silk of your copper hair

Only one would want
that he is permitted
to go to bad and good bank
to change
all troubles and unhappiness
with which the life gave to him
not being thrifty
with caresses and joys
gentle
for you entirely
to be happy
a bit

Only one wants to be
the dry club -
knotty, black, polished
thin, fine
and firm
of your oldness

Only one today
cries deafening singing
as mountain cock
in dawns
and doesn’t hear,
too, deafening silence

of surrounding eternity
Only one would grumble in his beard
All life discontent forever in face to himself
that he didn't give you enough
that you deserve more
that he didn't deserve you at all

Only one lies you today
with lie of beautiful words
in delirious
and
that tomorrow
he
himself
and only
he
single of all
he can turn the lie into truth
and not the truth into lie

And only one can he that
to who the life to say
One unites Florentin's bondwoman
Veronica
With Veronica's bondman
Florentin
May they make love
May they own all life
And joy
May they sing,
Laugh
Together
Amen

THE END

It’s come
the end of the mad days
the end of demented days
in which the sun doesn’t set off
so that the night doesn’t appear
and day hasn’t give the lie

There aren’t envelopes in box
Nothing we have to say each other
All what would have been was gone
We are enough just ourselves

Raise your beard upper man
The beard you stop not more to tremble
Wipe your heavy tear from your eyes
And from your sight the hot radiance

What would have been was gone
Nothing we have to pay each other
There aren’t envelopes in box
We are enough ourselves

ADIEU

Mary, Great Lady, my sweetheart
Thrifty, shy correspondent
so silent and so busy
Receive these last lines
from me
your American submissive correspondent
so much respectful

You don't try the answer
Pitiful
to do something what's so difficult for you
an exceeding norm

I excuse you
I accuse you
I don't understand you
I forget

Being up
in the tower of the old
cathedral with its big clock
imperturbable
marking the time and space
the segment of time
The end –the beginning
you feel as if you were at a ship helm
Distrustful
You look awry, from where the wind blows
Lightening
You further cut off by cold order
At weak light at a gas burner a deck
Like signature on a check

To contemporary mankind the isn't well
Dismayed in new crisis he letter is throwing
Not leaving
It falls in Atlantic that drowned it

Nothing can flow

on the water of the flabby mankind
Imperturbable I keep on
Imperturbable the march to nothing
In deafened sound of the drum
More one is heard, too by a small cricket

I don’t press my waist in corset
Neither my hips I hide in a crinoline
May we fill the non-existent glass with nothing
May we clink from here to the moon

I want to have the pace of snail
In order to arrive at eternity in an instant

You lied yourself
And I don’t trust you again.

POEMS FROM MY SOUL'S EXILE

THE SHADOW OF AUROCHS

: No, aurochs didn't die!
Pace on our traces
how we pace on theirs
Aurochs are in shadow of uproar,
they are in each of us
No, aurochs shall not die

EMIGRANT TO INFINITY

to Francisco Bellot Rosado

The solitude terrorises me in the refugee political campus
with every minute dived in the immediate time
in **I-WAS.** Because **I-WILL-BE** doesn't occur in the future
now when I'm writing - I'm bewildered,
not of poetry, but purely and simply of alcohol
Do you condemn the weakness of a brutalized deserter?
I drink; I drink from La Fontaine[2] the sacred water
of fables. Yes,
lucky the poets who are unhappy
because they have the lyric status to create…

[2] Jean de La Fontaine (1621-1695) was a famous French writer, author of "Tales/Stories" and especially "Fables'. In French language, "La Fontaine" also means "water fountain".

THE COUNTRY AND ME

The county is a river
with waters so clear
and Me a cold spring
in its bed.

The country is a mountain
climbing to sky ahead
and me a bald rock
in its top

The county is a bird
with white wings
and Me an eagle grown
in its nest

The county is a verse tome
of peace and liberty
and Me an heroic poetry
in its spring.

THE SAP OF THE LIFE

I am stuck into this earth
and I extract my sap from my forefathers' bones
and I give sap my twigs
any storm cannot pull out my roots
too deep caught in the sky of my parents
and nobody can destroy my buds

THORNY ROSE OF LOVE

His song had frozen in the throat
tyrannised over the gentleness of woman
the people had put fire
during the night of sentiments
and sounds lay on
the dew

The man became a resonator
and his thoughts trembled the house

YOU ARE SO SINGLE ON THE EARTH…

You, Bacovia[3], with your muse in ecstasy
Are often followed by a thought
To live keeping on your life putrefy

In autumn weather and disease
When the night falls in own dirty and tipsy
Late in the caféé almost empty

You nicely create lines of pile
Entirely dancing in sorrow as embers
Unhappy poet sings about lead and rains.

[3] George Bacovia was a twentieth century Romanian melancholic classic poet.

SYMPHONY IN WALNUT WOOD

Jungle is broken by wet
like a Sahara
Bitter frost seized with heat
The chill runs
And I caress the naked knees
of the giddy bird
like Nietzsche, that bewildered

DON’T SET YOUR FOOT ON THE VERSES!

Kneed for kissing the clay soles
The rock covered me with tears
Running in torrents shaking souls body by body
Snowflakes become a kind of
rainy snow.

The time doesn’t exist but only we are
If the planet would inversely spin
the time would pace behind.

IT'S AUTUMN IN MY SOUL

It's autumn in my soul
And leafy chestnut-trees have tears
My heart is a large waste
Of bitter stains in smile

On ashes evening way
The destiny sadness floods
The greatest dreams are broken
It rains over me in houses the dead(s) are.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF COUNTRY

A great dark is so that you don’t see
the soul near poetry
And the farther you are into night
the nearer you arrive
at the tomb of the world
the forgiveness called.

ARIZONA, JULY 1990

Being escaped of the dull past
charged by nebulous future
this exile keeps on-
Oh, America, country of contradictions
mother of stateless persons, deserters and non-adapted ones?
emigrants for ever in their inside
what does it matter for you
a further life, a lost one in this destiny of a refugee?
Nothing, than a grain of sand
lying on the ocean bottom-

Editor's Note:

Florentin Smarandache's Universe

I have said also with another circumstance that at a correct study of Romanian writing we cannot neglect the substantial contribution of the writers from outside of the country borders.

A special case is Mr. Florentin Smarandache, established in Arizona (USA).

Two years ago he published at Macarie Publishing House the volume of verses "I exist against myself!" whose cover and the illustrations of the volume were realized by our dear-departed the artiste Mira-Dumitra Iordache.

Then he published haiku.

Now he publishes the volume of poetry ***"Emigrant to Infinity"***.

Florentin Smarandache is a mathematician well known owing to lots of notions in the **Theory of Numbers** that have his name: Smarandache-type functions, sequences, and algorithms.

Our friend is remarkable in another fields, too, for example the class of Smarandache semantic paradox, and as a practical application and, funny, I quote the device of his paradoxical move is: ALL IS POSSIBLE, THE IMPOSSIBLE TOO!

He published novels, diaries, and his plays gather many people in cramped halls of the theatres entirely world…

He translates himself his books in English and French.

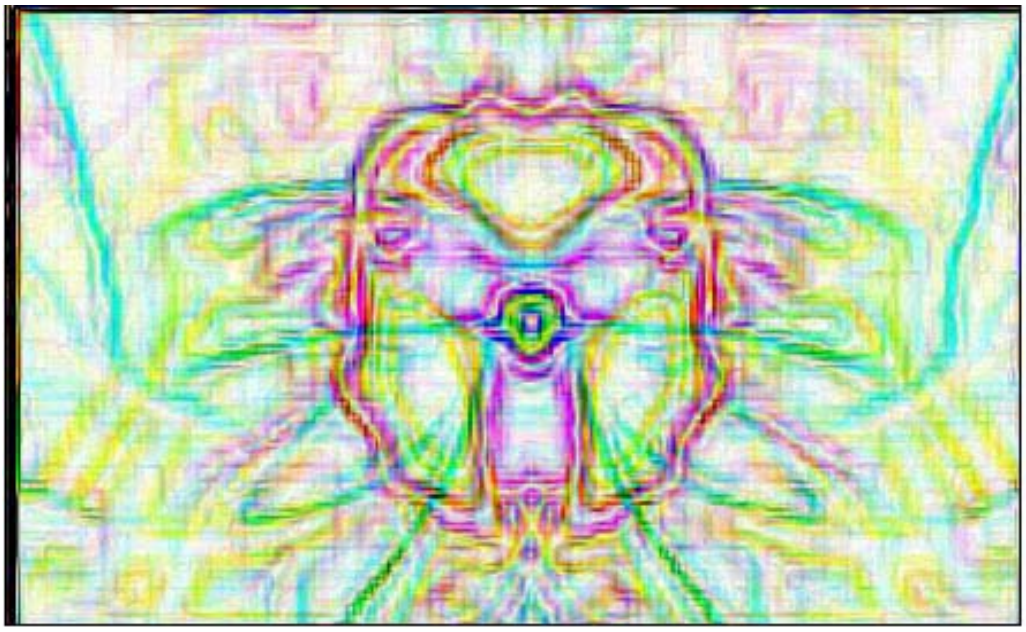
Florentin Smarandache defines himself as: an emigrant at endless!

October, 1996 MIHAIL I. VLAD

I consider that the present volume, penetrated by a tragic wave, represents truer Florentin Smarandache that I, personally, I wish he were closer of Eugen Ionescu and his metaphysical disquiet, and more sideways of Marin Sorescu and his Balkan anecdotes…

Solitary, in Morocco or in America, Florentin Smarandache confesses also in this book living, his country, Romanian language, such as firstly Fernando Pessoa said, for his country, Portugal language…

Cezar Ivănescu



Author's Self-Portrait as Spiritual Peregrine Forever

ISBN 1-59973-018-9
53995>
9 781599 730189